"No."
"Then you will die, Spock." Satak was losing patience.
"Better to lose life than honor."
"What has it to do with honor!"
"I promised I would not force him. He has never been mine. And--I do not break my word--even to a slave. Ahhh!" Spock's voice trailed off in a groan.
"Spock, oh, what's the use. Here, drink this and perhaps you'll wake in a more reasonable frame of mind. Good. Get some sleep if you can."
After a few moments Kirk entered the tent, to see Satak drawing the cover up over Spock. The Vulcan's face was eloquent of concern. Spock was his closest friend. He looked at Kirk without seeing him.
"Lord Satak, what's wrong? Is it serious? The healer said--"
Satak focused on Kirk, frowned, then controlled himself. "Sit down and listen, James. Try to understand. We Vulcans have a periodic sexual cycle, at which time the male is at his most potent, and must mate or die. Usually it is the signal to reproduce, and the male seeks out his wife, but warriors must mate only with a male. They must never learn to associate a woman with their time of need lest it come upon them on campaign where no woman is available. Sometimes it happens that a warrior who has not yet chosen his life mate is drawn to one particular partner, the only one who can satisfy the desire. If that partner is not available, the male dies. When I found Spock in this con dition, he refused to let me summon you. He tells me that you have never served him as a pleasure slave."
"He promised me," Kirk said. "He promised I'd never have to--"
"That promise will kill him."
"But he doesn't want me."
"He does. He can lie to you, to me, even to himself, but his body is not deceived. I summoned one of the general slaves who is most skilled--and Spock attacked him. See how quietly he lies since you've come in?"
Kirk shook his head.
"Yes. He would not rest for me. I would serve him if I could, but it is you he desires. And only you can save him. Has he not been a good master to you?" The answer was so obvious Satak didn't wait for it. "Save him."
"I don't...I don't know how, even if I were willing. If he woke, wouldn't he just send me away?"
"I've given him a sleeping draught to ease his pain. If you rouse him while he sleeps, he will be unable to control himself. I can't force you to save Spock, James, but give some thought to your own life. What would it be worth to you without his protection?" The Vulcan rose and Kirk stepped back defensively. Satak gave him a meaning glance, and then left the tent.
It was true, of course. Whatever the motivation, and Kirk's mind made no comment, no response to Satak's statements, Spock was likely to be the best--owner--he would ever have. It was only in his own self interest to insure that he lived. Satak could threaten, but no one was here, no one but he and Spock. He could not be forced.
Slowly he approached the bed. Spock still slept, but restlessly. Lightly, Kirk drew the covers back. Spock was naked--no more naked than he had been in the bath--but now he was aroused, in his sleep, his alien sex swollen to an extent that must be painful. Kirk studied him curiously, trying to guage from his past experience what would be the quickest way to satisfy him. During his time with Satak, his "instruction" had all blurred into one long torture that he had closed out of his conscious thinking. He could not do that now. If he was to help Spock, he must be fully aware of what he was doing, and why.
Spock was--big--but not impossibly so. Some of Savak's group had been larger. The delicate, jade-green coloring was always faintly surprising, although he knew well enough Vulcans were green blooded. The most striking difference lay inthe head with its double ridges. He remembered how they had stirred and moved within his body even when his master was still.
He reached out tentatively, his fingertips barely brushing the velvet-soft head, and even at that light touch the double ridges spread wide, the penis arched as if seeking him with blind instinct. He flinched back, remembering the pain, but the involuntary response was curiously fascinating. As he watched his breath quickened between parted lips. It was fascinating, and suddenly he wanted to reach out again, to touch, to stroke, to feel the throbbing in his hand. Savak's mockery sounded again in his mind. But it wasn't the same. He had a right to save his life, didn't he?
He curled his hand around the erect penis. Spock moaned at his touch, and the mingled pain and pleasure in the hoarse voice stirred something long untouched in Kirk. He knew what Savak had liked, knew what he would like himself. He'd survived it before. He drew off his tunic and stretched out at Spock's side, his fingers continuing their stimulation, knew more was required. Without thinking he turned and pressed his lips to the painfully engorged flesh. Steel under the velvet. Not un-pleasant. The clean scent of Spock's body, the strange, spicy taste compelling. His heart beat a little faster as he parted his lips and drew the velvet head into his mouth.
His tongue licked, coiled around the shaft, exploring. Greatly daring, he began to suck, holding the swollen organ at its root for greater control. Slowly, carefully, he inched his way up the thick shaft until his lips were buried in silky hair and the hard bulk stretched into his throat. Then, impatient again, he began to suck greedily up and down the length, his tongue circling the tip, not pausing when the warning spasm came and Spock's body convulsed in climax. Thick, creamy semen filled his mouth, and he swallowed, fighting for breath, but remained in position until the last of the ejaculation trickled down his throat. With a sigh, he raised his head to study his master's face.
Spock was still either asleep or unconscious, but the fever seemed to have abated slightly; his head moved on the pillow and he whispered something, too quietly for Kirk to hear.. He had helped, Kirk realized, but not enough. Already the Vulcan's penis was beginning to engorge with blood.